CHANDAMAMA

NOVEMBER 1988 Rs.1.75

Jeevan and Hanu pick up

A TRUNKFUL OF FACTS

largest living land animal. The African elephant may reach up to 3.5 metres in height, and weigh as much as 5,500 kg. The Indian elephant is smaller – 2.7 metres tall at the shoulder, and weighs about 5,000 kg.

have tusks. These may be as long as 3.5 metres in the African bull, and 1.5 metres in the Indian.

with land. This helps their skins smooth and insect-free.

The elephant's most useful tool is its trunk, which may reach 1.8 metres in length, and weigh 140 kg. The trunk is extremely strong, and can push aside a log weighing 275 kg. No wonder ... it has more than 40,000 muscles!

Wild elephants are constantly eating. An adult may eat up to 250 kg of vegetation every day ... and waste an equal amount in the process. It tears off leaves and branches with its trunk, and sweeps them against its body to shake off dust before eating.

They are very thick-skinned creatures. In fact, the skin alone weighs about 860 kg and is about 2.5 cms thick. In some of this. They are very sensitive to insect bites, and hot and cold weather.

Under normal circumstances, the elephant walks slowly ... at about 10 km per hour. But when frightened, it can run at about 4 times that speed.

When an elephant is born, the mother and other elephants blow dust upon the meat, newborn calf to dry it. In fact, elephants enjoy mud baths, after which they dry themselves.

Under good conditions, elephants may live to be 120 years old. They also have long childhoods, reaching maturity only at 25.

Life Insurance is the safest surest way to protect your future. Find out about it.

Life Insurance Corporation of India

I wish I had a boat
To sail across the sea
I'd bring it back with Gems
Some for you and some for me!

Results of Chandamama—Camlin Colouring Contest No. 25 (English)

1st Prize: Somani Rakesh, Bombay-400 007. *2nd Prize:* Jasbinder Singh, Rourkela Pankaj M Chinnia, Thane Sri Jyotish Kumar Mishra, Bhubaneswar *3rd Prize:* Vaishali Sahgal Kanpur. Mala Tambi, Bombay-19 R. Vasu Murali Iyer, Meerut Cant Surjyanarayan Pa Bhubaneshwar. Sanjay K. Bhat, Kumta. Vinod J. Suvarna, Ulhasnal. Aurelia Cardoza Bombay-2. Oscar Fonseca, Bombay-400 058. Aparna Patwardhan, Bombay-19.

HOW MUNNA STARTED SAVING IN A REAL BANK

HURRAY FOR PNB

CHANDAMAMA

Vol.13 NOVEMBER 1982 No.4

Founder CHAKRAPANI

Controlling Editor NAGI REDDI

STORY OF KRISHNA

Two more months and we step into 1983. We are already busy planning for the New Year—how to prove even more meaningful to you, how to bring you more light and delight.

Among the new features your magazine proposes to give you from the January issue of 1983 will be the Story of Krishna. Needless to say, it will be profusely illustrated in colour.

Every legend of Krishna is a joy for ever and every episode carries a profound significance. One cannot think of India's heritage without Krishna. Do not miss this story eternal—now retold for you by Manoj Das.

IN THIS ISSUE

NINE COMPLETE STORIES

AND The Weird Experience of Lord Dullenir, the story of Kabir through pictures, The Chandamama Dictionary, News Flash, Devi Bhagavatam and *Concluding The Invincible Raghu*

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NEWS FLASH

Hello Everybody!

November 21 this year will mark a decade of the World Hello Day. Say hello or greet in any other fashion ten persons—to whom you have never spoken beforehand—and you have already participated in the day's programme! Founded in 1973 at Omaha Nebraska (U.S.A), this movement of goodwill has the support of numerous heads of states behind it.

Why not participate in it!

Man Who Knows Your Mind

"Think of a book and a sentence in it and he will go to the bookshelf and pick out the book, turn to the right page and read out the sentence. Someone thinks of a person and an action. He goes to the person in question, takes a key-ring from his pocket, unlocks the door to a room, opens the safe, removes a bill of the right denomination, goes to the buffet, buys sweets of the right variety and offers them to certain people. He performs all the actions that someone else has mentally projected."

This is a report from the Russian monthly, *Sputnik*. The man who can do this is Anatoli Baidi. He hails from Minsk, the capital of Byelorussia. He is no magician. He is extremely sensitive to others' thoughts. He has sharpened his sensitiveness by concentration and autosuggestion.

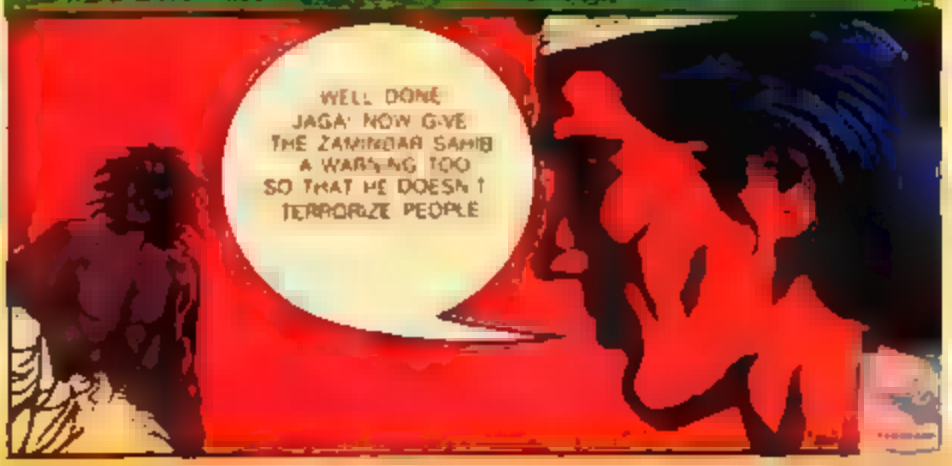
THE INVINCIBLE RAGHU

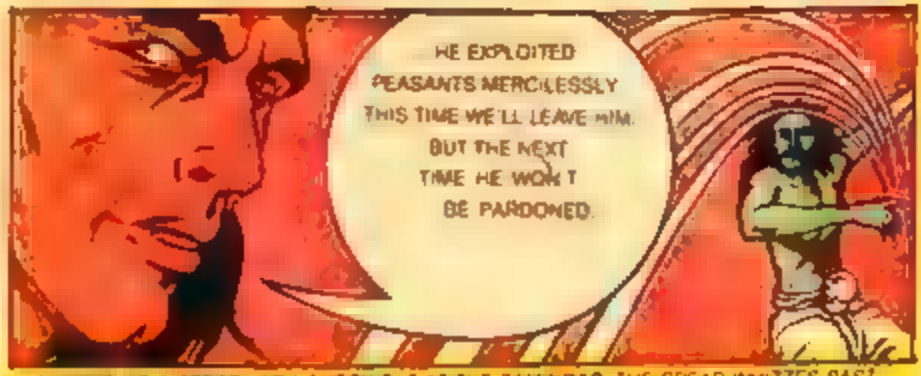

DON'T FORGET TO SCRAPE UP ALL THE JEWELLERY
COME ON NASHI BABU, LEAD US TO THE SAFE
AND BRING THE OLD AUNT FROM THE KITCHEN
AUNTY! RAGHU'S CALLING YOU
RAGHU


RAGHU! YOU? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS? HOW YOU'VE GROWN!
SHE RUNS UP TO HIM
COME AUNTY YOU CAN NOW GO HOME.
RAGHU ASKS THE PEASANTS, NOW REVIVED BY FOOD AND DRINK, TO LEAVE. HE SENDS THE OLD AUNT HOME WITH MANJUA.
SEE THAT THEY REACH THEIR HOME SAFE. WE'LL STAY AT THE AUNT'S TONIGHT. GO AND CLEAN IT UP!


ISN'T IT HEAVY?
POOR THING HE WILL DIE OF STRAIN
DON'T WORRY, HUZOOR! ALL THIS WILL BE DIVIDED AMONGST YOUR OWN POOR SUBJECTS. IT WILL STAY WITHIN THE LIMITS OF YOUR ESTATE


AS RAGHU'S COMPANIONS ENTER THE JUNGLE INTO SMALL BUNDLES, ONE OF THE
CREEPS OUT FROM BEHIND A PILLAR AND AIMS A SPEAR AT THEM BUT IN A SECOND
JAGA SWOOPS DOWN UPON ANOTHER SPEAR LYING ON THE GROUND


WELL DONE JAGA! NOW GIVE THE ZAMINDAR SAHIB A WARNING TOO SO THAT HE DOESN'T TERRORIZE PEOPLE



PICKING UP A SPEAR JAGA THROWS IT AT THE ZAMINDAR. THE SPEAR WHIZZES PAST THE ZAMINDAR'S RIGHT SHOULDER AND GETS EMBEDDED IN THE CUSHION OF HIS SEAT.

SWINGING UP ON THEIR STILTS, WITH ENORMOUS STRIDES, RAGHU'S PARTY DISAPPEARS INTO THE FORESTLAND. LIKE AN ECHO COMES THE SOUND:

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THE DAY THE DEAD SPRANG TO LIFE

Once Caliph Harun-al-Raschid, wandering in the city in disguise, met a jolly good fellow named Abu Hasan.

Abu Hasan invited the Caliph —not knowing who he really was—to spend the night at his house. The Caliph accepted his hospitality.

Abu entertained the Caliph to a sumptuous dinner. In the course of their conversation Abu said, "I wish I could be the Caliph only for a day. I shall heap a lot of wealth on my mother who has sacrificed much for me! Next I shall drive away four of my naughty neighbours who harass me."

The Caliph mixed a potion in Abu's drink. Abu did not notice that. But when he took it, he was in a daze. The Caliph's bodyguards who were in hiding carried him to the palace.

When he woke up in the morning he was surprised to see himself clad in dazzling robes, lying on a luxurious bed in the

palace.

"Commander of the Faithful! We are [redacted] your service," a host of [redacted] greeted him. Charming maids danced around him. Courtiers bowed down to him.

At first Abu [redacted] bewildered. By and by he believed that under [redacted] circumstance he had really become the Caliph.

The first thing he [redacted] was to send a lot of money [redacted] his mother. Then he sent his sepoys to drive away those mischievous neighbours.

At night he was given [redacted] potion again. When he fell [redacted] a stupor, he was carried back [redacted] his home. A shock awaited him in the morning when he woke [redacted] and [redacted] himself as poor Abu!

However, the Caliph took a fascination for him and took [redacted] as his courtier. He also got [redacted] married to the daughter of a nobleman. Her name was Nuzhat.

The Caliph gave him a mansion [redacted] paid him well. But he [redacted] quite extravagant. Soon he borrowed a lot of money. When the money-lenders insisted [redacted] realising their dues, he drew up a novel plan to get a handsome amount from the Caliph.

"I'll go to the Caliph and tell [redacted] that you are dead. Gener[redacted] he is, he will at once pay me a good deal of money for

your funeral," Abu told his wife.

Nuzhat was [redacted] smart as her husband. "In that case why should I not go [redacted] the Caliph's wife, Lady Zubaydah, and declare that you were dead? Surely, she will be pleased to give me some money!" she proposed.

"Excellent, my worthy wife! That way we can receive more than we need. Come [redacted], [redacted]t's [redacted] so," said Abu enthusiastically.

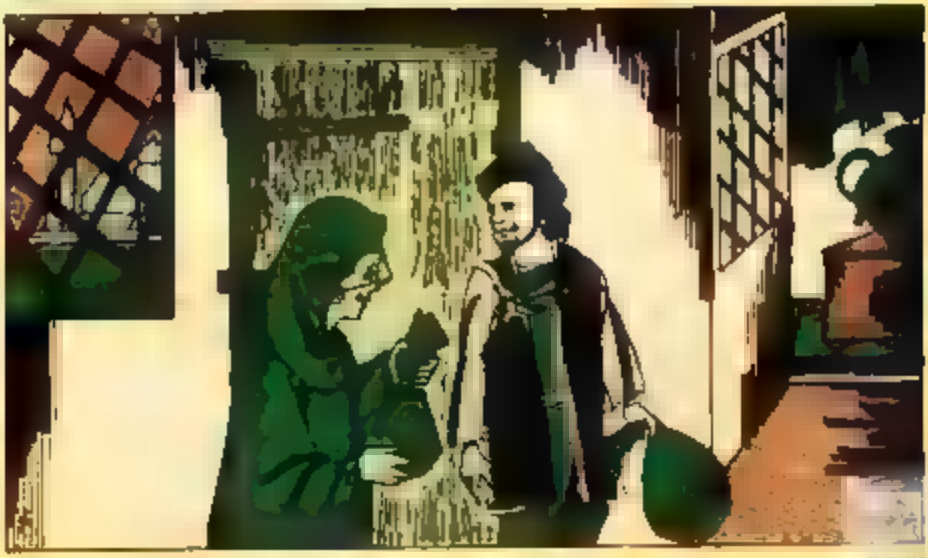
Soon Abu was before [redacted] Caliph, all tears. In the same fashion Nuzhat presented herself before the Lady Zubaydah. Both returned with a hundred gold coins each.

Great was their joy. As they [redacted] [redacted] a divan laughing [redacted] the [redacted] of their tricks, through the window Nuzhat saw the Lady Zubaydah's chief maid approaching their house.

"I'm sure there is a dispute between [redacted] Caliph and his wife as to which one of [redacted] is really dead. The Lady Zubaydah's maid is coming to feel sure that it is you who died," said Nuzhat.

Abu sprawled [redacted] his bed without losing any time. Nuzhat covered him with a white linen and sat by his side, wailing.

"I'm [redacted] sorry for your misfortune!" said the queen's maid. "Somehow the Caliph is under the impression that [redacted] is you who died and not Abu Hassan."



"I wish it [redacted] so!" said Nuzhat.

"I deeply sympathise with you, my sister! Be the All Compassionate Allah's mercy on you. I must hurry back to the palace to assure [redacted] lady that she is right, [redacted] the Caliph."

The maid went away. Abu sat up and the couple had a hearty laugh again.

But before long the Caliph's chief bodyguard was [redacted] coming towards their house with long strides.

"Now the Caliph wants to make [redacted] that you are alive and I'm dead!" said Nuzhat and she at once sprawled on her bed. Abu covered her with a sheet and began to cry aloud.

"My dear Abu! I have no language to express my sorrow at your loss. It is rather surprising that the Lady Zubayduh should think that you were dead and not your wife. I must hurry back and tell them what I saw," said the bodyguard.

The bodyguard left as fast as he had appeared. Abu and Nuzhat wondered what will happen next.

Half an hour later they saw more than they had bargained for! The Caliph himself and his wife, accompanied by their Viziers, courtiers, bodyguards and maids, were rushing towards their house. The Caliph

and his wife were arguing with each other quite excitedly.

"Hurry up!" said Abu, "We both [redacted] play dead!"

The Caliph and the Lady Zubaydah stepped into their room and stood stunned.

"My poor Abu! Evidently he died of shock at his wife's death. Surely, I will miss [redacted] more than he missed his wife!" commented the Caliph.

"I'm [redacted] it is Abu who died first. His wife died of shock later–after returning from me," asserted the Lady Zubaydah.

Their argument grew heated. In despair the Caliph said, "Only if [redacted] of the corpses could tell [redacted] who it was to [redacted] first, I won't mind giving [redacted] a thousand gold coins!"

"I'll do the same!" announced the Lady Zubaydah.

To the great amazement of [redacted] party, both Abu and Nuzhat jumped to their feet.

"My lord, I died first. Let me have the reward!" said Abu, bowing to the Caliph.

Nuzhat said [redacted] same, bowing to the Lady Zubaydha.

After a moment's stunned silence, the Caliph burst into a loud laugh. All the others joined him.

"You imp! What a trick you played on us! Nevertheless, both of you deserve the reward," said the Caliph.

A New Fairytale

GREATER THAN TIGER AND LION

In a certain forest there lived a tiger. In the absence of any lion, he looked upon the king of the forest.

There thousands of atures in the forest and they not mind their king having a wild goat for his lunch or dinner. In fact the tiger's fondness for the goatmeat was well-known.

Imagine the tiger's surprise when one afternoon, awakened from his nap, what should he see but old goat bleating before him!

"Disgusted with life, eh?" asked the tiger. He could not think any other reason for the goat to walk straight into his den.

"Your Majesty, I happened spy upon a hunting party. I gathered from their conversation that they are keen to bag a tiger. Further I learnt that of the hunters knows your den. They should be here any moment. Now, I won't like my king to be killed!" said the goat.

The tiger ran away to another cave situated high up in the hills. He peeped through [redacted] hiding and saw the hunting party looking for him [redacted] and around his den.

After the hunters left the scene the tiger came out and told the goat, "You risked your life by braving into my den. This you did because you valued my life more than yours. I could [redacted] have dreamt of such nobility in a goat. I will never harm a goat again!"

The old goat returned [redacted] his bush, happy!

It [redacted] happened that a goatling overheard the tiger's [redacted]. "Will the tiger really never harm a goat?" he wondered.

By and by curiosity got the better of him. He roamed around the tiger's cave. The tiger saw him, but spared him.

Highly encouraged, the young goat went near the tiger the next day and wished him a loud Good Morning. The tiger returned the greeting and went about his business.

It was no more possible for the young goat to keep his thrill to himself. He boastfully told the tribe of goats in the forest, "The tiger finds in me a great friend and counsellor. If you don't believe me, stand at the

foot of the hill and see how I get on with him."

A large number of goats collected [redacted] the foot of the hill. The young goat climbed to the tiger's den and shouted. "Hello, Mr. Tiger, it [redacted] I, your friend. Come out. Let's enjoy [redacted] stroll."

The tiger [redacted] out, surprised and annoyed. Although the goats collected below tried to keep themselves under cover, he did not [redacted] to [redacted] them.

The goat laughed. His excitement was great at being [redacted] with the tiger. "What do you think of me?" he asked looking at the goats. "It is true that I look like a goat. But that is where my relation with you ends. I am no goat. I am a [redacted] bigger and nobler than the tiger and the lion," he claimed at the peak of his voice.

Suddenly the tiger pounced upon the young goat. Then looking at the audience below, he said, "I had promised not to harm any goat. I mean to keep my promise. All of you have heard that this one is no goat, but a creature greater than the tiger and the lion. For long had I desired [redacted] eat such a rare creature. At last I have got one. You may disperse."

The tiger dragged the young goat into his cave. —*Devapriyo*

A SECRET

In the court of King Suvraverma of Rajpur was a certain courtier named Gulab. Whenever the king wanted to make an announcement for his subjects, the draft was first submitted to him. After he read it, the king put some questions to him and then passed it for circulation among the people.

The courtier was very proud of this practice. "It is not the minister, but I who must be consulted in all serious matters!" he boasted before the other courtiers.

The old minister died. Gulab was sure that the king will be pleased to appoint him to the post. But the king chose another nobleman.

Gulab felt agrieved. He wrote out a petition reminding the king how he alone was consulted whenever a royal order was made public.

The king smiled and said, "Gulab! I did not mean to disclose my secret. But unless I do so, you won't understand! I showed you the drafts not because you were wiser than the others but because you lack in wisdom and intelligence. If you could understand a draft, I was sure that the most ordinary citizen of my country will understand it too!"

Gulab slank away.

TWO POETS

Long ago there were two poets in the city of Jeypore. They were Pundit Pratap and Harishankar.

Pundit Pratap was more a clever man than a poet. He knew the art of pleasing his listeners—the wealthy and influential ones in particular. No wonder that he received laurels and wide publicity.

Harishankar was a [redacted] of calm and quiet temperament. He wrote poetry for his own joy and the joy of those who were real lovers of poetry. He was happy with whatever recognition he got. Hardly anybody outside the circle of true critics knew his worth.

Once the Zamindar of Vishnupur decided to organise a conference of poets. Pundit Pratap was requested to preside over it.

Numerous poets—known, little-known and unknown—met Pundit Pratap and flattered him so that they could get a chance to recite their poems in the conference.

But Harishankar did not go to him. Pundit Pratap of course did not expect him to do that. Though not widely known, Harishankar was a highly gifted poet. He deserved a special invitation. Unfortunately the Zamindar of Vishnupur did not know him.

Pundit Pratap could have suggested to the Zamindar to invite Harishankar [redacted] a guest of honour. But he did not wish Harishankar's genius to come to light.

The conference was over. Pundit Pratap returned to Jeypore and met Harishankar. He boasted of his excellent performance that brought him the highest reward—a thousand rupees.

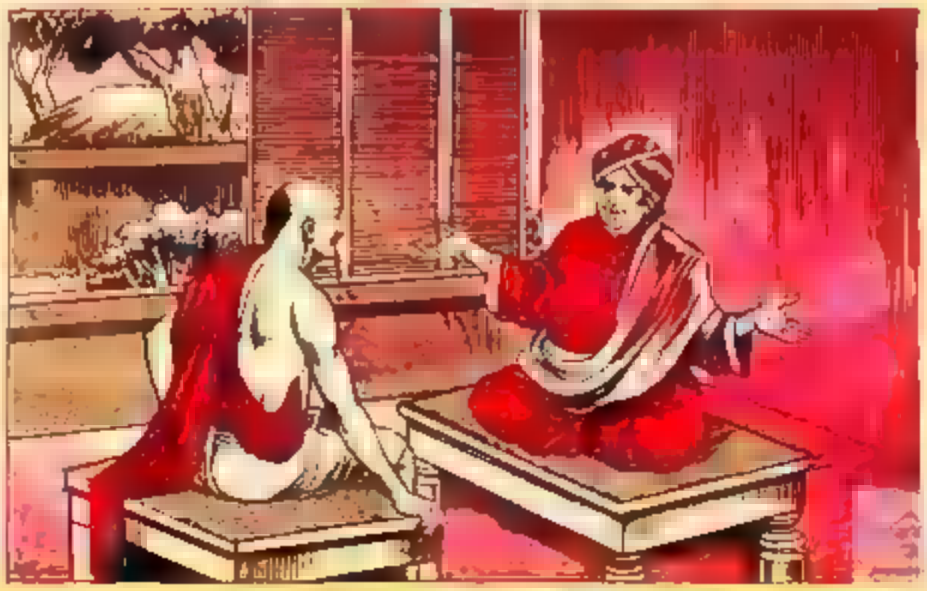
Harishankar heard him with patience, but said, "Only if the Zamindar of Mangalpur would praise you, I will accept the fact that you can charm people with your poetry."

Mangalpur was a famous estate situated far away. But the Zamindar was out for a pilgrimage and was to pass his night in a guest-house at Jeypore.

"If you can arrange for me to recite my poetry before him, I'm sure [redacted] will praise me. If he does not, I'll give you a thousand rupees!" promised Pundit Pratap.

"Very well," said Harishankar. The Zamindar's manager was his friend. He fixed it with him. Pundit Pratap was ushered into the Zamindar's presence in the evening.

He had taken two witnesses with him. He recited his poems



for full two hours. But the Zamindar did not utter a word! At last he scribbled on a scrap of paper a message for his cashier. The poet was to be paid a certain amount.

Pandit Pratap was quite put out. He came back to Harishankar along with his witnesses. As agreed upon, he parted with a thousand rupees.

What is more, he mellowed down much and did not boast of his talent any longer.

It was after many years that Pandit Pratap came to know why the Zamindar did not utter a word of praise for him: the Zamindar was dumb.

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

यः पठति लिखति पश्यति परिपृच्छति पण्डितानुपाश्रयति ।
तस्य दिवाकरकिरणैरिव नलिनीदलमिव विकसते बुद्धिः ॥

Yaḥ paṭhati likhati paśyati paripṛcchati paṇḍitānupāśrayati
Tasya divākarakiraṇairiva nalinīdalamiva vikāsyate buddhiḥ

One who studies, writes, observes and consults scholars finds his intelligence blossoming like a lotus under the rays of the sun.

—*Subhāṣitaratnabhāṇḍāgāram*

DICTIONARY OF SELECT WORDS AND PHRASES

BALLYHOOS: Noisy and vulgar propaganda

[illegible]: A child. A picture or an image of Jesus Christ as child.

[illegible]: To [illegible] delve; to confuse with clever or bombastic words.

THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP

Away from city was a cool lake. On the southward bank of the lake was a Kadamba tree in which lived a hawk couple.

To north of the lake, another tree lived an osprey, verily the king of the birds. In the nearby forest lived a lion, the king of the beasts. And, on an islet in the lake lived a tortoise—strong and handsome.

Now, the hawks had befriended the lion, the tortoise, and the osprey. "Our good friends are our greatest wealth," they agreed with each other.

One day three hunters from the city wandered the forest for long, but could find no prey. Tired, they sat down under the Kadamba tree.

The hawks had two young . They were growing up into lovely birds, but had not yet been able to fly.

The hunters lighted a fire to up themselves. As the smoke coiled up to the nest, the young birds tittered.

"Brothers, there are young

birds in the nest. The trunk of this tree being extremely smooth, we cannot climb it. But let the flames go up. They will burn the nest. The young birds will fall down. They should make excellent food for us," said one of the hunters.

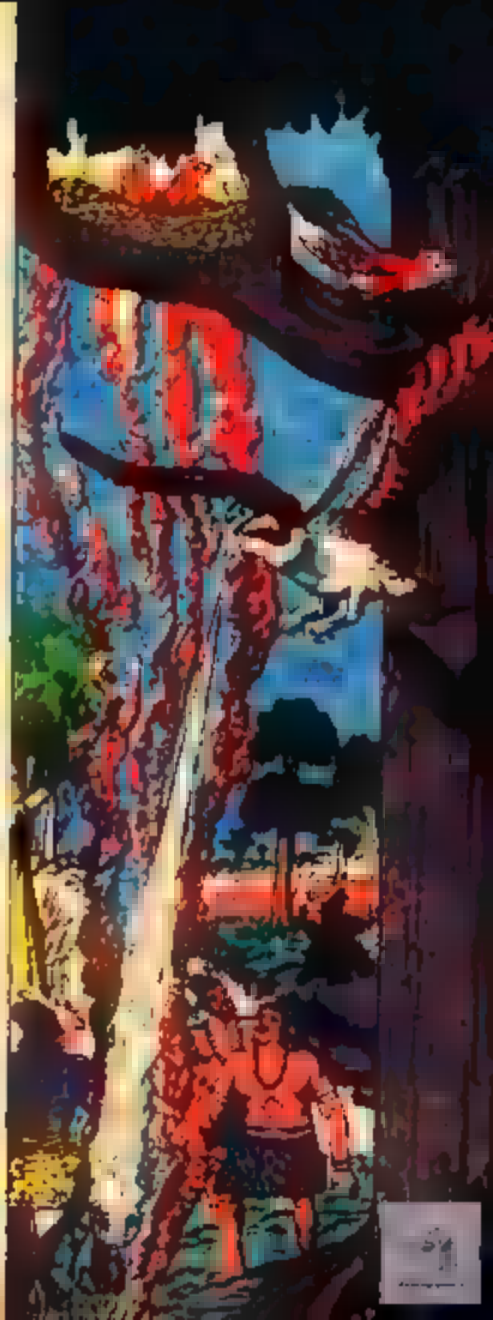
The other two hunters [illegible] about collecting dry leaves and sticks, while the first [illegible] kept tending the fire.

The flames rose higher and higher. The she-hawk told her husband, "These fellows have decided to destroy our nest and kill our young ones. Go and ask the osprey to come to our rescue."

The male hawk flew [illegible] tree in which the osprey lived and informed him of the danger to his sons. The osprey lost no time in flying into the lake and filling its beak with water. Then he [illegible] high and dived low and shot the water into the fire. He did [illegible] again and again, reducing the fierceness of the fire.

The hunters were amazed [illegible] the bird's feat. But they were [illegible] prepared to lose the battle. They fed the fire with more and more leaves and sticks.

The she-hawk told her husband, "Our friend the osprey is getting tired. I'm afraid, he



might fall into the fire himself. Go and report the matter to our friend the tortoise.

The male hawk did so. The tortoise at [redacted] had a dip in [redacted] mud and went and rolled on the fire and lay still on [redacted] brink of the water.

The fire was extinguished. "Look at the lovely tortoise. How do we care for the young birds if we can enjoy the meat of this creature?" exclaimed a hunter.

The three tried to catch the tortoise. The tortoise was waiting for this to happen. He slipped into the most muddy part of the lake. The hunters, in their bid to catch him, fell into the mud.

They struggled to come [redacted] of the lake. They were hungry. Now they shivered with cold.

"We must light another fire and get those young hawks as [redacted] as possible," they said aloud, encouraging one another. "Or we must find out a tall ban boo and topple the nest by its help!"

But the male hawk had [redacted] the meanwhile acquainted his friend, the lion, with the situation.

The hunters [redacted] plodding ashore through the mud when the lion [redacted] out of the forest and gave out a roar.

The hunters fell back and swum with great difficulty to the opposite bank. Emerging from [redacted] waters, they ran the fastest race in their lives.

"My sons, [redacted] you realise the value of true friendship? Gather around you some true friends —when you grow up," the she-hawk told her sons.

From the Buddha Jatakas

STORY OF INDIA-71

A SAINT ABOVE SECTS

In a village near the holy city of Varanasi lived a Muslim couple, Niru and Neema. One morning Niru was surprised to see a child lying under a tree. It was hardly a year old. He carried it home and gave it to his wife. Both were delighted, for they were childless.

They named the child Kabir which means the great. The child grew up and learnt his forefather's vocation - weaving. But as he sat with his loom, he began humming songs that nobody had taught him. A poet was in the making.

That was the time when the famous sage, Ramanand, lived in Varanasi. Kabir felt a great attraction for him. But he knew that the sage was not likely to accept him as his disciple, since he was illiterate and nobody knew who his real parents were.

Sage Ramanand went to the Ganga for bathing every day before sunrise. One day Kabir was lying down on the steps leading to the river. After his death the sage began climbing the steps. Because he could not see Kabir and stepped on him and he was frightened. He Gurune name "Ram! Ram!"

Kabir sitting up and with folded hands said: "My master! You have given the Gurune name to me at this auspicious hour of the dawn. After you took bath in the holy Ganga I am initiated." "Who are you?" asked the sage. "I am Kabir, your disciple. That is my only identity," said the boy.

Some Kabir's devotional songs his philosophy that God did not want for rituals but was pleased by man's simple devotion. proved very popular. He did not believe in caste and creed. He ridiculed the orthodox people by singing to both the Hindu and the Muslim folks.

Some men conspired to humiliate him. They told hundreds of people that Kabir had invited them all for a feast. Kabir knew nothing about it and he was away. To his great surprise he understood on his return that someone whom everybody took to be Kabir had fed all the guests sumptuously.

An orthodox group complained to the Sultan of Delhi that Kabir was insulting their religious faith. The Sultan on a visit to Varanasi summoned Kabir who declared: "I'm neither Hindu nor Muslim because I belong to God who does not differentiate between the two sects."

One of the courtiers, annoyed at Kabir's fearless reply to the Sultan, threatened him with dire consequence. But Kabir replied, "How does Kabir who rides an elephant care for the barking dogs?". The courtiers were stunned. But the Sultan appreciated the ascetic's courage and respectfully let him go.

Kabir died in a village near Gorakhpur. According to a legend, his Hindu Disciples desired to cremate his body while the Muslim disciples insisted on burying it. The argument went on for long. Kabir's body lay covered with a sheet of white cloth.

To everybody's bewilderment all that remained of the body, when the sheet was removed, was a heap of lotus flowers. The Hindus carried some flowers to Varanasi where they erected a memorial on them. The Muslims buried the rest and erected a mausoleum.

The [illegible] of Kabir's songs and philosophy proved far-reaching. Guru Nanak [illegible] inspired by [illegible] Poet-devotees like Meerabai [illegible] found in him a great [illegible] of wisdom [illegible] was [illegible] by [illegible] of all [illegible]

Kabir [illegible] from the end of [illegible] fourteenth [illegible] to the early fifteenth [illegible]

Unsolved Mysteries

THE WEIRD FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT

IT HAPPENED TO ONE OF INDIA'S GOVERNORS-GENERAL.

It was the year 1892. Paris had just welcomed Britain's new ambassador to France. He was Lord Dufferin.

Lord Dufferin had an illustrious career behind him. He had held many important positions. He had been the Viceroy of India from 1884 to 1888.

A reception was being held in a top-floor hall of the famous Grand Hotel in Paris. Lord Dufferin reached the hotel on [redacted]. Many diplomats who had arrived earlier and were loitering in the spacious lounge of the hotel greeted him eagerly. Lord Dufferin returned their greetings affably and advanced towards a lift.

Several other people were already in the lift. They made [redacted] for this important guest. He was about to step in while acknowledging the courtesy of [redacted] other passengers in the lift.

Suddenly he stepped back. Perhaps nobody took note of the surprise and horror in his face. In a moment he smiled

again and asked the others not to wait for him. It seemed he had forgotten something or he must leave some message at the reception counter.

Why was he horrified? It was for a very unusual reason. As soon as his eyes fell on the man operating the lift, his memory was stirred by a weird experience.

That was years ago. Lord Dufferin was spending a night in a friend's house in Ireland.

It was an old mansion with a spacious compound. Trees stood bathing in moonlight. Occasionally the fluttering of a bird could be heard. Otherwise all was quiet.

Lord Dufferin could not sleep. He felt something unusual and uncomfortable in the atmosphere.

At midnight he heard a rustling sound—as if somebody was treading on the dry leaves. He could also hear the sound of deep breathing—as if someone was panting under a laborious work.

He quietly opened a window and peered into the orchard across the lawns. Indeed, someone was moving with a large load on his back.

It must be a thief. Lord Dufferin crossed into the orchard and had a closer look at the scene. What the fellow was carrying was most unexpected. It was a coffin!

Was he stealing an old relic of his host's family? "Where are you taking that?" Lord Dufferin challenged the fellow, stepping forward. But the fellow dissolved clean into the moonlight before his very eyes, after passing a hurried look over him. Such a nauseating face Lord Dufferin had never known!

He recorded the eerie incident that very night. But over the years he had forgotten all about it.

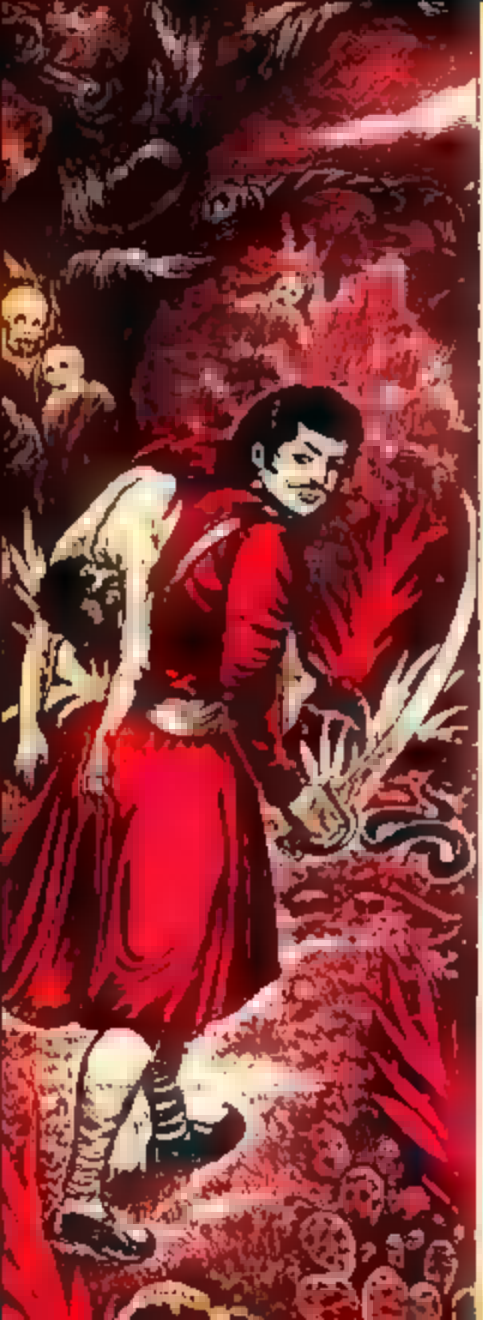
But the [redacted] operating the lift at the hotel in Paris at once brought back to his mind the forgotten coffin-carrier of that desolate Irish night. A premonition stopped him from entering the lift of which the fellow was [redacted] control. At that moment he felt absolutely sure that the operator was none other than the mysterious coffin-carrier he had encountered years ago.

Lord Dufferin [redacted] perhaps thinking of enquiring about the lift-operator when there was heard a fearful crashing sound. The cable of the lift by which he was to go up had snapped. All in the lift, including the operator, had [redacted] with instant death.

The accident caused a great sensation in the Paris of those days. Nobody of course knew then what it meant for Lord Dufferin!

It is difficult to explain Lord Dufferin's experience. Did the coffin he had seen symbolise the lift? Was the lift-operator an agent of death who was collecting his victims years before they were to die? The lift-operator was surely a human being. But he might have been the vehicle for a bizarre force of death.

While Lord Dufferin's account is unimpeachable, its explanation eludes us.



New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

A MAN OF CHANCES

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Rumbling of thunder and howls of jackals were sometimes subdued by peals of eerie laughter. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he started walking to cross the desolate cremation ground, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I don't know what inspires you to take such pains. You ought to know that the more successful you are in your works, the more jealousy you will incur in others. Let me give you an illustration. Pay attention to it. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on. The orphan Bhudutt, while wandering about all alone, found shelter

ter in the house of Suhas Roy of Rudrapur. Roy asked him to settle down there. At Roy's request, the local landlord allowed Bhudutt to till an acre of his land.

Bhudutt worked hard. The land yielded a variety of crop. Bhudutt never neglected paying the landlord his share.

The landlord was much pleased with Bhudutt. He asked the young man to take charge of his orchard.

Under Bhudutt's care the orchard turned into a gold-mine! At the year-end the landlord saw that it had brought him profit that was more than what he had got in ten years from it!

He gave half of the profit to Bhudutt. That enabled Bhudutt to buy a plot of land for himself and to build a small house on it.

Shivdas, a wealthy man of Rudrapur, had only one child, a daughter. He proposed his daughter's marriage with Bhudutt. Bhudutt knew the girl. She was fine. He had no reason to refuse the proposal.

However, he asked Roy for his opinion. Roy grew grave and said, "If you marry Shivdas's daughter, he will expect you to come to his house and live there. Better don't marry his

daughter."

Bhudutt told Shivdas what Roy thought about the proposal. Shivdas laughed derisively and said, "Is there any sense in what Roy says? I've no son. Who will look after myself and my property if not my son-in-law? What is wrong with your coming over here since you will be my heir?"

Bhudutt found Shivdas quite sensible. He agreed to marry his daughter. The marriage was duly performed.

Roy stopped talking to Bhudutt. Bhudutt felt awkward about it. He met him and said, "Sir, I would be still roaming

about as a destitute but for your love and pity. Pray, pardon me if I have done anything wrong."

Roy feared that Bhudutt won't care for him once he had become Shivdas's son-in-law. Now he felt sure that the young man [redacted] as humble as ever. "I'm happy [redacted] you are happy!" he said with a touch [redacted] emotion

Shivdas died and Bhudutt took over his estates and managed them well.

Once there was a drought. But Bhudutt had made such arrangements for irrigating his lands that he had a reasonably good harvest. Roy [redacted] to meet him and observed angrily. "Bhudutt! If you knew the secret of raising a good crop despite the drought, should you [redacted] have shared the secret with me?"

"Sir, is it not you who had taught [redacted] the methods I followed in raising the crop?" Bhudutt asked softly.

Roy [redacted] pleased at Bhudutt acknowledging his debt to him. Nevertheless, he could n[redacted] get over his fear that Bhudutt might ignore him [redacted] the future.

Bhudutt organised his estates [redacted] such a way that [redacted] was not necessary for him to devote all his time to them. He had a great desire to write poetry. Now he

found the leisure and the mood for that.

One day he invited a number of people to the village *mandapam* and recited his poetry before them. When he had finished, the village pundit stood up and said, "Bhudutt, do you think that to succeed in farming and to succeed in writing poetry are the same thing? You hardly know grammar and prosody. How can you write poetry?"

The pundit laughed.

Bhudutt replied humbly, "Punditji, I never thought that farming and poetry are the same. But a farmer can be a poet if he has the gift for it. I admit that I have not learnt grammar and prosody. But what is there to laugh about it? I am willing to learn them from you!"

Bhudutt employed the pundit as his teacher and mastered in six months whatever the old man could teach him. Thereafter he worked on a long poem in epic style for two years.

When the work was complete, he invited all the important people of the locality and read it out to them. The audience applauded him. But the pundit stood up and said gravely, "It is true that there [illegible] no

grammatical or rhythmic flaw in your poetry. But what is necessary for true poetry is genius! Obviously [illegible] don't have that!"

"Bhudutt, I have been observing you for years. I cannot think of you as a poet!" said Roy.

Suddenly an aged man stood up and introduced himself. All were stunned to realise that he [illegible] the king in disguise.

"Bhudutt is a genius. One rarely finds poetry of such high quality," said the king. He asked Bhudutt to visit his court [illegible] a certain date.

Needless to say, the pundit [illegible] and Roy looked pale. But Bhu[illegible]

dutt took both of them as his companions to the court. He introduced them to the king as his teacher and guardian respectively.

The king showered gifts on Bhudutt and also rewarded the pundit and Roy. Both the elderly men were extremely pleased with Bhudutt. Back in the village, they were all praise for him.

But barely a fortnight had passed when Bhudutt told his wife, "If you have no objection, we will shift to the town. The landlord is willing to buy all our estates at reasonable price."

Bhudutt's wife did not object to his decision. They left the village.

The vampire paused and then demanded of the king in a challenging tone, "O King, don't you think that Bhudutt was crazy? Why should he leave the village when he had prospered so much and when people who once criticised him had become his great admirers? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

King Vikram replied forthwith: "What appears wrong from one point of view might appear quite right from another. If you give a close look at Bhudutt's life you will see that chance dominated it. It was by chance that he met Roy who gave him shelter. It was a chance that the landlord was a good man. It was again a chance that Shivdas took a liking for him and made him his heir. The king's presence in his audience was yet another chance. Bhudutt, by his sincerity, could take full advantage of every chance.

"Now he was feeling an inspiration to progress as a poet. For that he needed lovers and critics of literature to help him. No doubt, he had found out that

there were many such people in the town. He decided to take a chance and begin a new phase of his life in the town. It was nothing crazy so far as he was concerned."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

A New Fable

THE LITTLE SWAN AND THE LOGICAL CAT

—By Manoj Das

There was a time when the huge banian tree on the lake was like a multi-storey building for swans, ganders and storks. It had several tiers of branches and each tier had a number of nests.

But a storm struck the region. The tree was badly hit. Most of its branches were gone. Their nests destroyed, the birds flew away in search of safer trees in the nearby jungle. Some of the birds even lost their lives.

A young swan who had not yet learnt to fly felt quite miserable. Although its nest had not been dislodged, there was no news of its mother. Obviously she had died.

And imagine its misery when a tom-cat found his way to the tree and saw it shivering in its nest.

With a chuckle the cat looked for a cosy place where to sit and enjoy a leisurely dinner.

The little swan knew that it was no time to cry. Shout for help it could not, as there was nobody on or around the tree to come to its rescue.

"I'm so glad you came!" it muttered, suppressing a sob.

"Glad? You think I here to serve you, do you?" observed the cat with a sneer.

"Not at all. I know that it is for to serve you—as your food."

"Right. What then makes you glad?" demanded the cat who belonged to the household of a famous lawyer

"Don't you [redacted] condition? There is nobody to look after me. I was to die, if not tomorrow, the day after. Is [redacted] immediate death not preferable to a slow death by starvation?"

"I understand," said the cat with a special nod. He had learnt that from his master.

"My only regret is, I won't taste like a swan to you."

"That is nonsense. There is no reason why a swan should not taste like a swan." The cat dismissed the little bird's misgiving nodding sideways this time.

"I'm sure, you are the most logical of all the cats. But, you see, no swan tastes better than a clod of wet earth when very young. But as one keeps eating the tender stems of the lotus, one grows sweeter like a butter-cake."

"I know," said the cat whose master used the phrase often. "A day does not pass without our servants securing lotuses from the lake for our shrine. They throw away the stems. I can bring some for you!"

"It is for you to decide whether you should like to eat a clod of wet earth [redacted] a butter-cake," said the little swan in a detached tone. "I don't mind waiting for a week for you to

enjoy my flesh better."

"You are reasonable," said the cat. He went away raising a triumphant tail and returned with some stems in an hour.

And this he did for a week.

"Frankly, Mr. Tom, by now I should taste like a butter-cake, at least like one made by an apprentice. But if you want [redacted] to taste like one made by a professional..."

"Of course I will like you to taste like one made by a professional!" cut in the cat.

"Then I should be fed with a little milk a day for a week!"

"I know," said the cat.

He had no difficulty in fetch-

ing milk, for that was plentily available in his master's kitchen. And this he did for another week. The little swan kept assuring him that it was growing sweeter by the day.

At the end of the period the cat climbed the tree carrying neither lotus-stems nor milk, for he intended eating the swan that should taste like a butter-cake baked by a professional. In fact, he had fasted the previous night to enjoy his food better.

But the nest was empty.

"Hello, Tom, rather Mr. Tom, look here!"

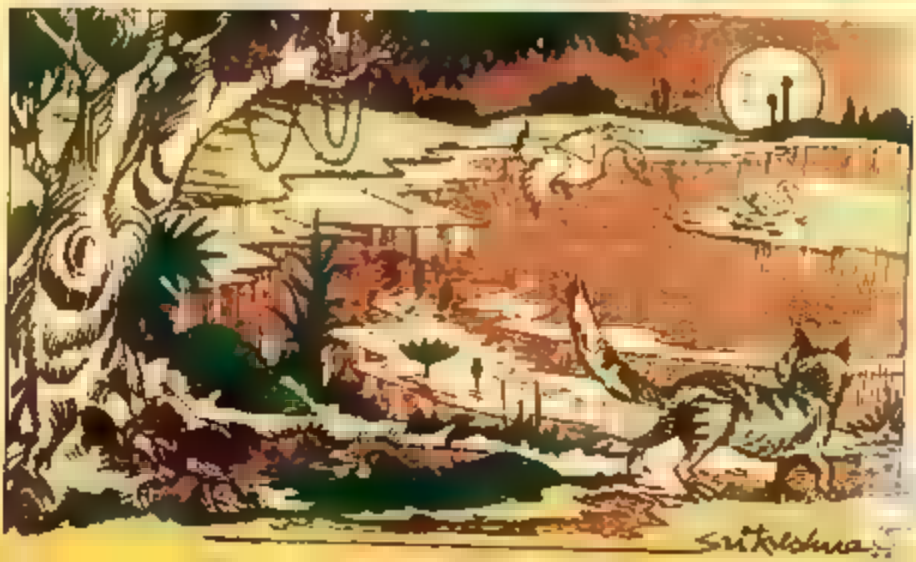
The cat looked up. The little swan sat on the top branch of the tree, basking in the soft sunlight, looking like a milk-white lotus!

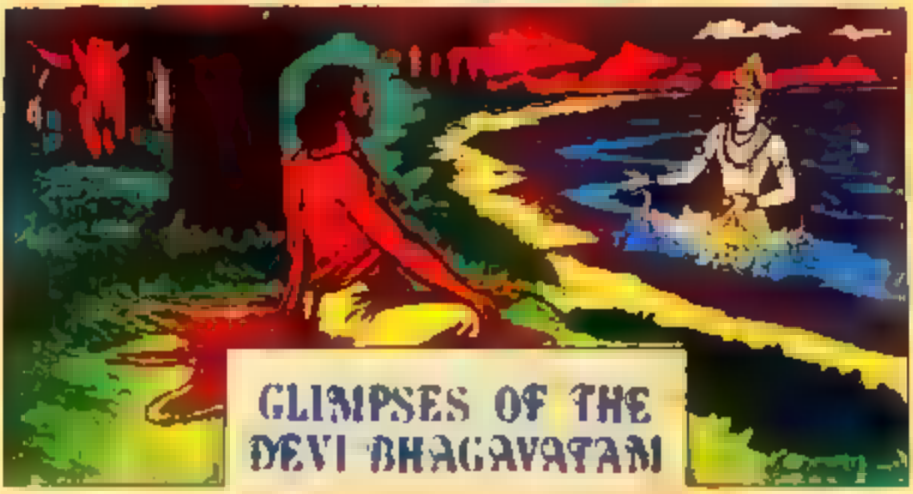
"As I grew sweeter something more also happened to me. I grew stronger in my sides. My tiny wings began flapping. And suddenly I found myself here!" said the little swan.

"I know. That should be natural, though..." The cat stopped. He did not want to confess that it had not occurred to him beforehand. "But will you please [redacted] down for [redacted] sake?"

"That won't be natural. Now that I [redacted] fly, I am in [redacted] mood to die. You should appreciate this, as the most logical cat you are!"

The swan soared high and descended on the lake in style.





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

Sage Viswamitra's spiritual power made it possible for King Trishanku to ascend the heavens. His son, Prince Harishchandra was crowned the king.

Harishchandra remained childless for long. He was worried about the future of his kingdom. He met Sage Vasistha, the guru of his dynasty, and asked him, "O learned one, is it so ordained that I should not have any issue? Will you kindly enlighten me about it?"

"O young king, whatever be in store for one in one's destiny, it can be altered. So far as having a child is concerned, it is God Varuna who decides it. Meditate upon him. You shall be blessed with a child if he is pleased."

Harishchandra retired to a lonely spot on the river Ganga and meditated on God Varuna, the presiding deity of the waters. His devotion pleased the god. He appeared before him and offered to grant him a boon.

"Be pleased to grant me a son," said the king.

"You can have a fine son on condition that you will sacrifice him in a Yajna. Are you willing to do so?" asked the god.

The king was in a fix. If he does not agree to the condition, he will not get a son. His penance will go in vain. But how

can he sacrifice his son in a Yajna?

He kept quiet.

"I'm sorry, dear king, but there is no other way to alter your destiny. You cannot have a son unless you agree to this condition," said the god.

The king was anxious to have a son at any cost. "Grant me a son, O God Varuna, may what come!" he cried out.

"Let it be so," said the god and he disappeared.

The king returned to his palace and informed his queen, Shanya, about the boon he had received. In due course the queen gave birth to a son. The kingdom went festive. The child was named Rohit.

Varuna called on the king in the guise of a Brahmin even before the clamour of the festivities had died down. Nobody but the king recognised him. "Come on, let me see you sacrifice your son in a Yajna!" he said.

The king was at his wit's end. He fumbled and said, "Well, at least a month must elapse before the new-born babe can be called a human child. Am I not right?"

"Very well, I'll come after a month," said the god and he departed.

The king heaved a sigh of relief. He tried to forget all about it by gazing on the child's loving face.

But Varuna did not fail to appear before him at the end of a month.

"God Varuna! Your visit honours me. But the child is yet toothless. How can it be eligible for sacrifice?" asked the king.

The god departed, only to reappear a few months later. "Your child has gone through its teething. No more delay is to be tolerated," he said sternly.

"O compassionate Varuna, you surely know that a child

who has not yet gone through the head-shaving ceremony can hardly be called a human being. To make him an object of sacrifice is to insult the spirit of the Yajna. Should you not wait?" asked the king.

"Harishchandra! You hail of a great dynasty. Let it [redacted] be said that you are guilty of breach of faith! Let this be the last time for me to go back," said the god.

Days passed. The little prince's head-shaving ceremony was over. The very next day Varuna met the king and said, "O King, now you must arrange for the Yajna."

"O kind-hearted guest! I should not enter into any dispute with you. But don't the Brahmins say that until the thread-ceremony has taken place one is not fit to participate in any auspicious rite? How [redacted] my son become an object of sacrifice now? According to the scripture, a Brahmin lad becomes eligible for the thread-ceremony at the age of eight whereas a Kshatriya lad has [redacted] wait till eleven. Pray, let my boy live till he has gone through the thread-ceremony," the king pleaded with the god.

Varuna went away quietly.

The king felt relieved. Time passed happily for him.

But swift is the course of time. The prince became eleven years of age and put on the sacred thread after the necessary ceremony. As soon as the ceremony was over, Varuna appeared before the king!

"Welcome Varunadev! How lucky I am to receive you! My son had just begun to study the Vedas. You will agree with me that he will qualify better to become an object of sacrifice for the Yajna once he completes his study of the Vedas!" said the king.

Varuna flared up. "You are

trying to be clever with me. Very well. I shall be back as soon as your son's study is completed. Don't you play any trick with me then!" he said.

Varuna went away, but the king was plunged in gloom. He realised that the god was determined to claim Rohit.

"Father!Why do you look so remorseful?" one day Prince Rohit asked him.

The king overcame his hesitation and told him all that was going on between himself and Varuna.

Rohit discussed the problem with his friends—the sons of the ministers. They advised him to flee the town.

Rohit escaped into the forest. The king tried to locate him, but could not.

When Varuna came there next, the king said with folded hands, "My son, for the fear of his life, has gone into hiding. I have not been able to trace him. What to do?"

"You are trying to deceive me!" blurted out Varuna. He cursed the king. As a result the king took to bed.

The news of the king's illness reached Rohit in the forest. He decided to return to the palace.

But Indra stopped him on his way. "Is there any sense in your going home? You cannot cure your father of his illness. Varuna will soon be there and you will be sacrificed. That will only aggravate your father's illness. Better continue to be in hiding. Return to the palace only after your father's death and occupy his throne," advised Indra.

Accordingly Prince Rohit went back into the forest.

The ailing king asked Vasistha for a way out of the predicament. Said the sage, "Varuna wants that you must sacrifice your son. Well, an adopted son is as good as one's real son. Adopt a son and sacrifice him!

That should be appeasement enough for Varuna."

The king summoned his senior minister and asked him to look for a boy who should be fit for the Yajna. The minister went from place to place and came across a Brahmin who had three sons all fit for the Yajna.

The minister requested the Brahmin to spare one of his sons for the purpose. "You can take any, but not the eldest one," said the Brahmin.

"You can take any, but [redacted] the youngest one," said the Brahmin's wife.

Naturally, it was the second son of the couple. Sunahsefa by name, on whom the minister could lay his hand.

Sunahsefa was led to the palace. The king adopted him. Preparation for the Yajna began.

Sunahsefa shed tears thinking of [redacted] fate. That saddened all who were present. King Harishchandra was no exception.

Suddenly Sage Viswamitra appeared [redacted] the scene. "King, spare this boy's life. Don't forget what I did for your father. You should not ignore my advice," said the sage.

The king bowed down to him and said, "But how can I come [redacted] the [redacted] to which Varu-

na has subjected me? How long can I suffer?"

"Have patience," said the sage. He went near Sunahsefa and taught him a certain hymn that had the power to please Varuna.

The boy recited the hymn with great sincerity. Soon Varuna appeared there and declared that he had been satisfied. The boy was set free. The curse was lifted from the king.

Sunahsefa asked the assembled priests, "To whom should I look upon as my father—the Brahmin of whom I was born, or the king who adopted me?"

The priests gave the opinion that he should look upon Sage Viswamitra who saved his from certain death as his true father.

Sunahsefa followed Sage Viswamitra.

WONDER WITH COLOURS

Two Hearty Laughs

Two farmers were returning to their village, after selling vegetables in the town. They took a short-cut through a field.

"Let us smoke," said of the two. He brought two cheroots out of his pocket and gave one to his companion. "Unfortunately I have no match," he said.

"I have only two match-sticks. I hope that would be enough," said the second farmer. He then tried to light the match, but the stick broke and fell off.

"Pity, only one stick is left now. We badly need a smoke. If this one does not work, we are unlucky," he said.

He then shut his eyes and stood in silence for a minute. The first farmer understood that he was praying so that the second match-stick should work.

The second farmer then opened his eyes and rubbed the stick against the match-box. But it did not work.

He gave a loud cheer to himself and laughed.

The first farmer [redacted] surprised. "A few puffs of smoke, I'm sure, would have given us much comfort now. That, however, was not in our luck. But what makes you laugh?" he asked.

The first farmer said, "My friend, when I shut my eyes, I remembered that we stood on acres of dry grass. I wondered what would happen if I carelessly fling the lighted match on the grass. It would catch fire and spread as fast as the breeze itself. Do you [redacted] those dry bushes over there? The fire would soon reach them and become big. Behind those bushes is the forest. Once the forest catches fire, it would be a holocaust. Tens of thousands of birds and beasts, big and small, would perish. The tigers and leopards and boars will run amuck and head towards the locality. That will cause great panic. Soon fierce wind will carry the burning branches and leaves towards the locality and scatter them over the thatched houses, destroying village after village. In the meanwhile we too would be roasted alive, caught amidst the burning grass! So I prayed to God to [redacted] to it that the match did not burn! God heard my prayer. Should I not laugh?"

"My friend, you must laugh, and I too should join you," exclaimed the second farmer. Both of them laughed happily.

CONSCIENCE AND CALCULATION

Bhajan Das and Rajen Singh were e[illegible] of each other. A wrestler came to live amidst them. One day Bhajan Das took him aside and gave him a hundred rupees and said, "Give a good thrashing to Rajen Singh."

Two days later Bhajan Das was returning from the market along a lonely road when the wrestler confronted him and gave him a thrashing.

"Wait! Wait!" shrieked Bhajan Das. "I paid you for giving a beating to Rajen Singh, not to me!"

But the wrestler went on beating him for a full minute. Then he stopped and said, "There was never any thought in my mind to thrash anybody. But you took me to be a goonda and gave me money and tempted me to take up such work. I informed of this to Rajen Singh. He gave me two hundred and fifty rupees and asked me to thrash you. My conscience and calculation of profit told me that I should oblige him. So far as your money is concerned, here it is!"

The wrestler gave Bhajan Das back his money and went his way.

LET US KNOW

Can you give me the names of some of the prominent Greek dramatists and their works?

Ravindra Kumar, [illegible]ngalore

Aeschylus (526—456 B.C.) *Prometheus Bound, Agamemnon.*
Aristophanes (circa [illegible] — circa [illegible]) [illegible] *Birds, The Frogs, Lysistrata*
Euripides (480—406 B.C.) *Medea, the Bacchae, the Trojan Women, Hippolytus.*
Sophocles (496—406 B.C.) *Oedipus [illegible] King, Antigone, Electra*

I was told by my teacher that there [illegible]e some baffling similarities [illegible] the death of President Abraham Lincoln and the death of President John F. Kennedy. My teacher could remember only two similarities. Are there more?

—Manjula Bhattacharjee, Howrah

There are at least seven [illegible] Lincoln was elected in 1860, John [illegible] Kennedy in 1960. Lincoln's secretary's name was Kennedy, Kennedy's secretary's name was Lincoln. Lincoln had [illegible] advised by his secretary against going to the theatre where he was killed, Kennedy had [illegible] advised by his secretary against going [illegible] Dallas where he was killed. Lincoln was shot in a theatre by a fellow who [illegible] in a warehouse. Kennedy was shot from a warehouse by a man who [illegible] in a theatre. Lincoln was killed on a Friday, Kennedy too was [illegible] on a Friday. Andrew Johnson succeeded Lincoln; Lyndon Johnson succeeded Kennedy. Andrew Johnson was born [illegible] 1808, Lyndon Johnson was [illegible] in 1908.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Can you formulate [illegible] to suit these [illegible] related to each other? If yes, you may write it on [illegible] card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandigarh, to reach us by 20th of the [illegible] month. A reward [illegible] will come the best entry [illegible] will be published in the issue after [illegible]

The Prize for September '82 goes to
Mr. Nandkumar M. Achale Librarian
College of Agri. DHULE 424 001
The Winning Entry - 'Generation to Generation - A Flow of Education'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Observe thyself as thy greatest enemy would do so shalt thou be thy greatest friend.

— [illegible]

Eyes will not see [illegible] the heart wishing them [illegible] [illegible] conceals truth, as [illegible] the earth

— [illegible]

Fashion is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every [illegible]

If you are a Subscriber . . .

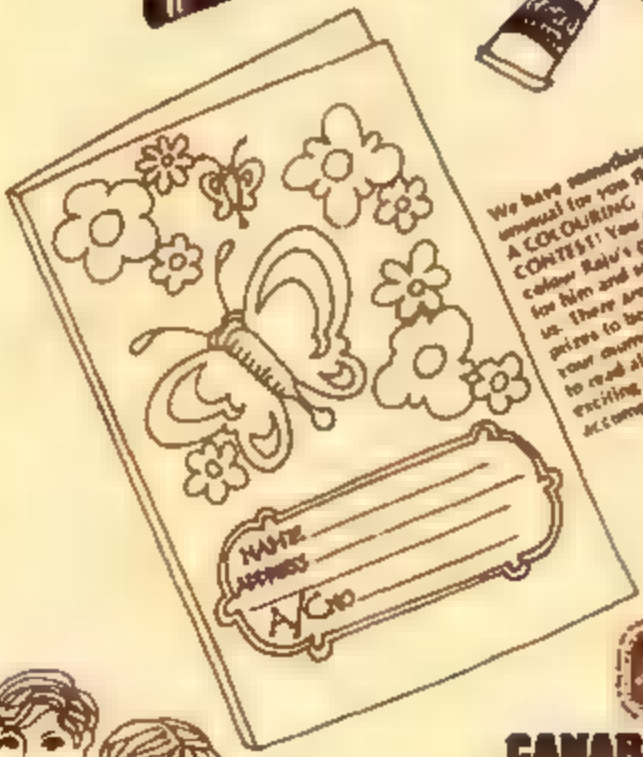
We have many thousands of subscribers to CHANDAMAMA magazines, so all the envelopes have to be addressed by the 5th of the preceding month. So, you see, it is very important that we are informed promptly of any change of address to ensure you receive your copy of the magazine without any delay.

DOLTON

'Chandamama Buildings'

MADRAS - 600 026

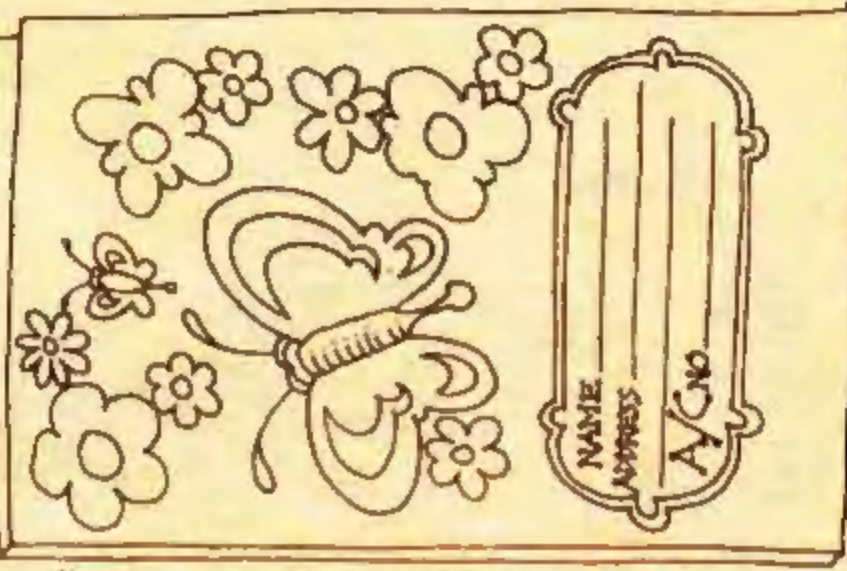
Bring out your paints or Crayons



We have something unusual for you this time A COLOURING CONTEST! You have to colour Raju's notebook for him and send it in to us. There are prizes and prizes to be won. Ask your mummy and daddy to read all about this exciting contest on the accompanying page.

CANARA BANK

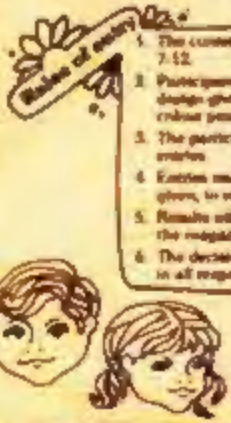
(A nationalised bank)



Name

Age

Address



Rules of contest

1. The contest is open to children in the age group of 7-12.
2. Participants are requested to colour the geometric design given above using water colours, crayons, colour pencils or felt pens.
3. The participant is entitled to send any number of entries.
4. Entries must be completed and sent to the address given, to reach by 15-12-93.
5. Results will be announced in a future issue of the magazine.
6. The decision of the judges will be final and binding in all respects.

Attractive Prizes will be given

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(A nationalised bank)

TINY TIM AND HIS 'SWEET' BAG

In the land of Pixie, lived a giant called Big Jim. Big Jim was a very bad giant who frightened all the village children and gave the villagers a lot of trouble. So, one day, all the villagers got together and decided to ask Tiny Tim to come and help them. He lived just across the river, and was famous for his courage and wisdom. So, Tim came to the land of Pixie, to fight the giant and help the people. Three days before he started with Big Jim, Tim made sure his sword was sharpened and he packed a "Revelgum" sweets, toffees and eclairs, was filled. He just had to have his favourite "Revelgum" sweets with him. Because he loved their taste and they gave him confidence and he ate an eclair before going to bed, and had a toffee, before going to meet Big Jim in the morning.

Big Jim was waiting for Tiny Tim and when he saw him, he started laughing. "Have you a small fellow like you, fight me?" he asked. Then he removed his small pocket. Tiny Tim was laughing. "What's inside that?" he asked. "Food" said Tim and started running. "Come back to me" said the giant, running after him. Tiny Tim drops a Revelgum sweet in the giant, and as soon as he bent to pick it up, Tim took out his sword and pierced it at the giant. Big Jim was crying "Don't kill me" he cried. "Promise me, you won't bother people, ever" said Tim. "I promise. But now, I get a bag of these tasty sweets, every week? They taste so good and I am always so hungry". Big Jim looked at Tim hopefully. Tim agreed. That night, the villagers threw a party to celebrate their victory and Big Jim was invited too.

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POPPINS TANTRA

Ram and Shyam have a tale to tell. Listen kids and listen well.

PARLE

Bunny walking early one morn
Planned to set out early that day
But lo! as he went on his way
A sight met wondrous and gay

It was with surprise and delight
That what innocent Bunny saw
Was the favourite dish of his life
Crisp, juicy, candy - four

So dashing he skipped towards
This fabulous unexpected treat
But a mouse fell around his neck
It was Foxy's trap no more

"Ha, ha, ha!" Foxy laughed
Poor Bunny's confusion to see
For he thought Foxy take pounce and
He's going to be eaten by me

So quickly, dear friends, don't you see
It really what matters at all
Takes your nutmeg when and were
While Poppins above all stand tall

So just don't let takes fool you ever,
And you know there are so many around
Only Poppins have silver-striped covers,
Only Poppins in excellence abound.